In Recital

Janice Marple, soprano

assisted by

Donna Noton, piano

Wednesday, March 30, 2005 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Và godendo (From *Xerxes,* 1738) — George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Lascia ch'io pianga (From *Rinaldo,* 1711)
V'adoro pupille (From *Giulio Cesare*, 1724)
Piangerò, la sorte mia (From *Giulio Cesare*, 1724)

Mandoline (1891) — Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Prison (1894)
Notre Amour (1879)

Ophelia Lieder (1873) — Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
1. Wie erkenn ich dein Treulieb
2. Sein Leichenhemd weiss
3. Auf morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag
4. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloβ
5. Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?

Mädchenlied (1888)
O Liebliche Wangen (1868)

Intermission

Steal me, sweet thief (From The Old Maid and the Thief, 1939) — Gian Carlo Menotti (b. 1911)

Sure on This Shining Night (1938) — Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Hermit Songs (1952-1953)
1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
2. Church Bell at Night
3. St. Ita's Vision
4. The Heavenly Banquet
5. The Crucifixion
6. Sea-Snatch
7. Promiscuity
8. The Monk and His Cat
9. The Praises of God
10. The Desire for Hermitage

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Marple.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translations

Và godendo/Joyously and graciously ripples
Joyously and graciously ripples
That free-flowing brooklet,
And with clear waves it runs through the grass
Gaily towards to sea.
Niccolò Minato/Translated by Nicholas Granitto and Waldo Lyman

Lascia ch'io pianga/Let me weep
Let me weep my cruel fate,
And let me breathe freedom!
Let sorrow break these chains
Of my sufferings, for pity's sake.
Giovanni Rossi/Translated by Granitto and Lyman

V'adoro pupille/I adore you, eyes
I adore you, eyes, missiles of love;
Your spark is welcome to my breast.
My sad heart desires you, who inspire pity.
And whom it always calls its best beloved.

Piangerò la sorte mia/I shall bemoan my fate
Why then, in one day, I am deprived of magnificence and glory?
Oh cruel fate! Cesar, my beloved idol, is probably dead,
Cornelia and Sesto are defenceless
And cannot give me assistance.
Oh god! Is there no hope left in my life?

I shall bemoan my fate,
So cruel and brutal,
As long as there is breath left in my body.
But when I am dead and
Become a ghost, I will haunt
Tyranny night and day.
Nicola Haym/Translated by Granitto and Lyman

Mandoline/Mandolin
The men who give serenades
And the lovely ladies who listen to them
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing branches.

It is Tircis and it is Aminte,
And it is eternal Clitandre,
And it is Damis who for many a
Cruel woman writes many a tender poem.

Mandoline/Mandolin (cont'd)
Their short silken jackets,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows

Are swirling in the rapture
Of a pink and gray moon,
And the mandolin is chattering
Amidst the shiverings of the breeze

Prison/Prison
The sky is, above the rooftops, so blue, so calm!
A tree, above the rooftops, is rocking its branch.

The bell, in the sky that one can see, is gently tolling.
A bird, on the tree that one can see, is singing its lament.

My God, my God, life is out there, simple and quiet.
That peaceful hum is coming from the city.

"What have you done, you over there, weeping incessantly,
Say, what have you done, you over there, with your youth?"
Paul Verlaine/ Translated by Perry Gethner

Notre Amour/Our Love
Our love is a light thing,
Like the perfumes which the wind
Takes upon the summits from the fern
So that they can be inhaled while dreaming.

Our love is a charming thing,
Like the songs of the morning,
In which no sorrow is lamented,
In which an uncertain hope vibrates.

Our love is a sacred thing,
Like the mysteries of the woods,
Where an unknown soul is throbbing,
Where silences have voices.

Our love is an infinite thing.
Like the paths of sunsets,
Where the sea, reunited with the skies,
Falls asleep under the suns that lean over.

Our love is an eternal thing,
Like all things that a conquering God
Has touched with the fire of his wing,
Like everything that comes from the heart.
Armand Silvestre/Translated by Gethner

Ophelia Lieder/Ophelia Songs

1. How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone,
Dead and gone, lady!
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

2. White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

3. To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day;
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

4. They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

5. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

William Shakespeare/
Translated by August Wilhelm von Schlegel

Mädchenlied/Maiden Song

At night in the spinning rooms
the maidens are singing,
the village lads are laughing;
how nimbly the little wheels turn!
Each maiden is spinning for her trousseau,
so that her sweetheart may be pleased.
Before long there will be
a sound of wedding bells.

There is no one fond of me, who
will ask for me.
How anxious my heart is;
to whom shall I complain?
The tears are running
down my face.
What am I spinning for?
I don't know!

Paul Heyse/Translated by Martha Gerhart

O Liebliche Wangen/O Lovely Cheeks

O lovely cheeks, you create desire in me
to gaze intently upon that red, that white;
and it's not that alone, what I mean-
to gaze, to greet, to touch, to kiss!
You create desire in me, O lovely cheeks!

O sun of delight! O delight of the sun!
O eyes, that drink in the light of my eyes.
O angelic thoughts! O heavenly beginning!
O heaven on earth! Won't you be mine,
O delight of the sun, O sun of delight!

O fairest of the fair! Appease this longing.
Come, hurry- come, come, you sweet pure one!
Ah, sister, I'm dying, I'm dying; I perish.
Appease my longing, O fairest of the fair!

Paul Flemming/Translated by Gerhart

Steal me, sweet thief

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!
A week has gone by; he had plenty of chances,
but he made no advances.
Miss Todd schemes and labors
to get him some money.
She robs friends and neighbors
the club and the church.
He takes all the money with a smile that entrances…
but still makes no advances.
The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes.
All the drawers are wide open,
all the doors are unlocked…
He neither seems pleased nor shocked.
He eats and drinks and sleeps,
he talks of baseball and boxing… but that is all.
What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

Steal me, Oh, steal me sweet thief,
for time's flight is stealing my youth
and the cares of life steal fleeting time,
steal me thief, for life is brief and full of theft and strife.
And then with furtive step death comes
and steals time and life.
O sweet thief, I pray make me die
before dark death steals her prey.
Steal my lips before they crumble to dust.
Steal my heart before death must.
Steal my cheeks before they're sunk and decayed.
Steal my breath before it will fade.
Steal my lips, steal my heart,
steal my cheeks, steal, oh steal my breath
and make me die before death will steal her prey.
Oh, steal me! For time's flight is stealing my youth.

Gian Carlo Menotti

Sure on This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder
wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

James Agee

Hermit Songs

To poems translated from anonymous
Irish texts of the 8th to 13th centuries.

1. Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!*
O King of the churches and the bells
bewailing your sores and your wounds,
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

*Loch Derg (Red Lake) in County Donegal
has been a place of pilgrimage from very
early times.

Translated by Sean O'Faolain

2. Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be
With a light and foolish woman.

Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

3. "I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me His son from Heaven
in the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this word is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
A churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
what king is there but You who could
Give everlasting Good?
wherefor I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."

Translated by Chester Kallman

4. I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Marys, their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like to have a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

Translated by O'Faolain

5. At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

Translated by Jones

6. It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;
the wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

Anonymous translation

7. I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

Anonymous translation

8. Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws
Entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind
Fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

Translated by W. H. Auden

9. How foolish is the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,
Heaven's High King
To Whom the light birds
With no soul but air,
All day, everywhere
Laudation sing.

Translated by Auden

10. Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs,
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
alone I shall go from it.

Translated by O'Faolain

April

1 Friday, 8:00 pm
The University of Alberta
Concert Choir
John Brough, Director
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

2 Saturday, 8:00 pm
***Happnin'*:The University of Alberta Jazz Choir**
Liana Bob, Director
Featuring the styles of Fletcher Henderson, Lambert Hendricks and Ross, Bobby McFerrin "Cannonball" Adderly, the Manhattan Transfer, the Real Group, and much more.
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

3 Sunday, 2:00 pm
World Music Concert
featuring
The University of Alberta
West African Ensemble
Robert Kpogo, director
with the
Indian Music Ensemble
Wasanti Paranjape
and the
Arab Music Ensemble
Michael Frishkopf, director
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult
For more information call 492-8211

3 Sunday, 8:00 pm
Faculty Recital
Guillaume Tardif, violin
Tanya Prochazka, cello
Milton Schlosser, piano
Clara Schumann *Trio in G Minor, Op. 17*
Robert Schumann *Phantasiestücke*
for Piano Trio, Op 88
Felix Mendelssohn *Trio No. 2*
in C Minor, Op. 66
Admission: $15/student/senior, $20/adult

4 Monday, 12:10 pm
Music at Noon,
Convocation Hall Student Recital Series
Featuring students from the Department of Music
Free admission

5 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
Doctor of Music Recital
Eleni Pappa, piano
Free admission

6 Wednesday, 8:00 pm
Master of Music Recital
Trevor Sanders, guitar
Free admission

8 Friday, 8:00 pm
The University of Alberta Madrigal Singers
Leonard Ratzlaff, Conductor
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

9 Saturday, 8:00 pm
Music at Convocation Hall
Patricia Tao and **Jacques Després,**
two pianos, four hands
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Sonata for Two Pianos
in D Major, K 448
Paul Dukas
The Sorceror's Apprentice
Frederic Rzewski
Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues
Johannes Brahms
Sonata for Two Pianos
in F Minor, Op 34b
Admission: $15/student/senior, $20/adult

department of Music

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Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).